BROADWAY MAGAZINE

No. 3 JUNE 1898. Vol.

Anna Held, who has presented a flag to a United States Regiment.....

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY
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OF COURSE IT'S PEARS!

The Great English Complexion Soap.

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Photo by Schloss.

MISS ZELMA RAWLSTON, ON A PHOTOGRAPHER'S WALL.

Miss Rawlston is gazing with wistful look out upon the vista afforded by the photographer's background. She is dressed in an attire quite unusual for her. Miss Rawlston as a rule affects trousers and waistcoats. This picture was taken at a moment when lace and not collar buttons were in her thoughts.

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IN A CREVICE OF THE BIG ROCK.

(See article "In Greek Costume at Pelham Bay.")

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A SNAPSHOT IN THE TREES.

(See article "In Greek Costume at Pelham Bay.")

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Washington Hostess—Senator, I hear your daughter is engaged to a Spanish member of legation. I'm surprised!

Senator Patt—That's right. She's so like her poor dear mother, and it's all in the line of hostilities, you know. She'll do her share!

"This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?"

"In jail," replied a man in the gallery.

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Photo by Schloss.

MISS ADA DARE AND A RING OR TWO.

Miss Dare does not represent a jewelry firm. Those rings you see on her fingers are simply a few from her collection of family jewels. Miss Dare is generous. She has so much jewelry that she is surfeited in this respect, but she knows the less fortunate world is not, and so, through the agency of the camera, she allows all who look a glimpse of her treasures. Miss Dare is blonde. That fact is almost as apparent as the rings themselves.

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Photo by Rose, Providence.

MISS ALICE NIELSON IN A COQUETTISH POSE.

Miss Nielson does not, of course, need that sunshade. She carries it for effect only, as everyone knows there isn't enough sun in a photograph gallery to harm a plate of of pistache.

Miss Nielson is going a-starring next fall. If her reception during the past season at the hands of the public counts for anything, as a star she should be a decided factor in highclass American theatricals.

COMPLICATIONS.

Binks—Hello, it's raining! Lend me your umbrella, will you, old man?

Jinks—Very sorry, but this is a borrowed umbrella.

Binks—Why, what are you giving us? It's got your name carved on the handle!

Jinks—That's all right. It was borrowed originally from me by Dinks, and I borrowed it back. Dinks might want it back some time, and what would he say if I had to tell him I had lent it? No, sir; you can't have this umbrella!

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1. In her morning-gown she looked superb.

2. At the ball she was the Venus.

3. In the afternoon every one praised her beauty and refinement.

4. But, oh, dear! when I met her at the seaside!

HOW ONE GIRL CHANGED.

A Little Story of Misplaced Confidence.

(Drawn by Hy. Mayer.)

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I.

Eminent Physician—Now, madam, I think I can effect a cure in your husband's case. The next time he breaks his word and stays out all night with "the boys," just you take him into—

II.

—this room.

HIS HANDICAP.

Mrs. Henpeck—What makes you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph?

Henpeck—Great Scot, Maria! It's the only chance I ever get.

Old Roxeypacer—This morning I made a resolution to keep away from the stage door and vowed to turn over a new leaf.

Dottie Shaipeleigh—I suppose you've given yourself a year or two before you begin to turn.

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Photo by Purdy, Boston.

MISS CHRISTIE McDONALD, IN "THE BRIDE-ELECT."

Miss McDonald is a pretty little New Englander—she hails from Boston—who first made her appearance in New York with Francis Wilson. She remained with that comedian for two or three seasons. When "The Bride-Elect" opened at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, Miss McDonald was with it. And New York was glad, for New York is very fond of the fine semi-Titian shade of hair possessed by Miss McDonald.

AN ENTENTE CORDIALE.

"Have Scribbler, the author, and his wife made it up?"

"Oh, yes. She now reads what he writes, and he eats what she cooks."

IDEA WAS SILLY.

Wife (to husband down on his luck)—Well, dear, if we can keep the wolf from the door, we needn't bother for the time being.

Husband (despondently)—Don't worry about the wolf. He's not likely to approach any door in this boarding house!

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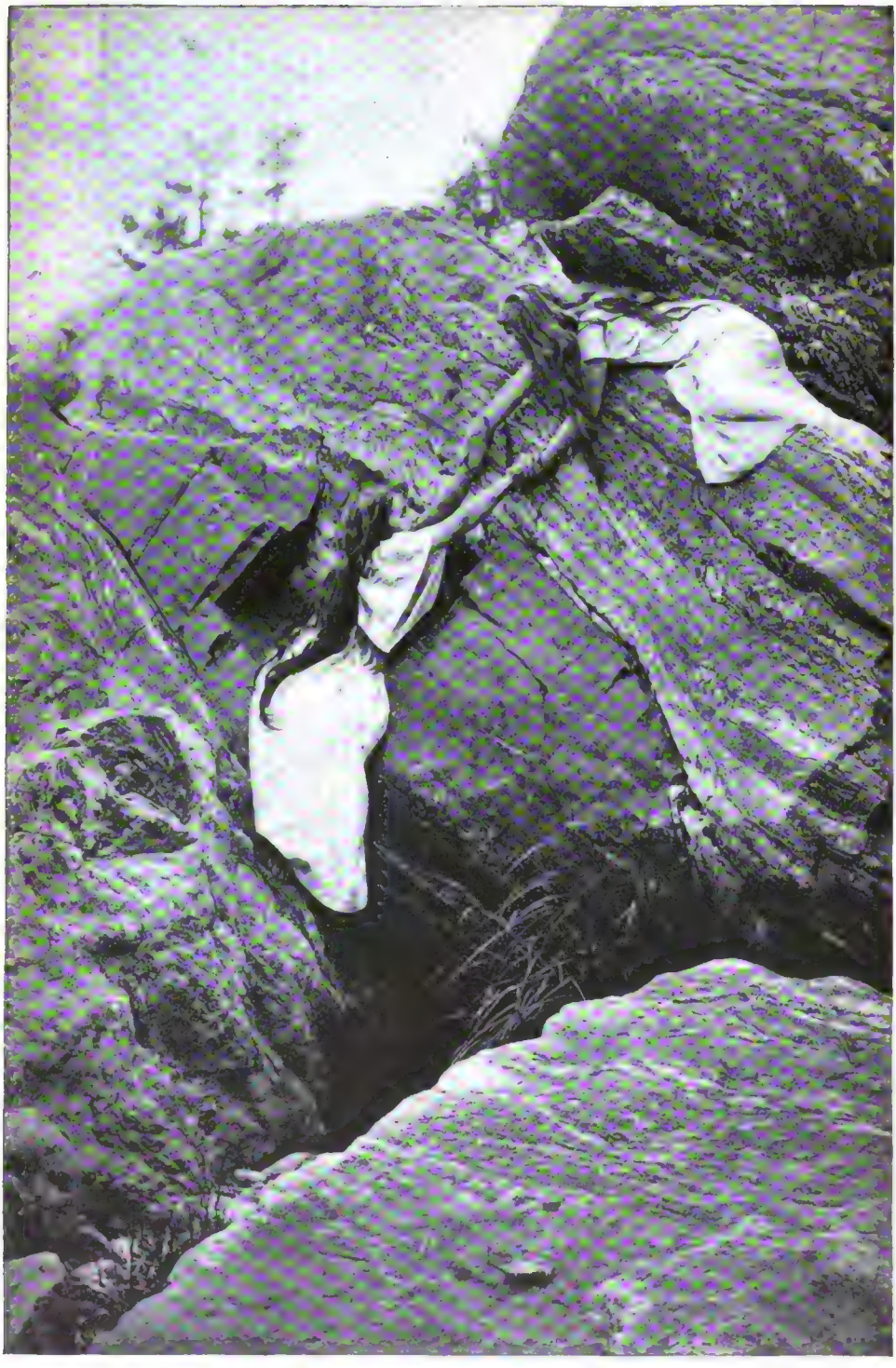

CLIMBING THE GNARLED ROCKS

(See article "In Greek Costume at Pelham Bay.")

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I. JUNE, 1898. No. 3

IN GREEK COSTUME AT PELHAM BAY

By JAMES H. CHAPMAN

Illustrated from photographs from life.

My friend Lasalle had been an enthusiast in amateur photography for many years, and, as a man of means with plenty of leisure, he was in the habit of devoting a great deal of time to his hobby. There were few New Yorkers who knew the suburbs of the metropolis so well; and his collection of privately made pictures, illustrating the wealth of landscape and historical interest in the neighborhood of the great city, was unsurpassed.

It was easy to foresee, therefore, that he would be highly interested when Reggie Van Wyck called upon him one evening with a proposition,—namely:

"Let us make some out-of-door negatives in Greek costume."

"Arn't you a bit mixed, my young friend?" Lasalle smiled back at his earnest companion in art. "I never heard of a photographic negative wearing any costume at all; and it would surely be improper to call a girl a negative, simply because she possessed the immemorial right of her sex to say NO!"

Nevertheless Lasalle listened to the young man's plan, and finally agreed to help him carry it out. It was arranged that the two should meet at Van Wyck's stable at 8 A. M. upon the second following day, and the latter accepted all responsibility as to preliminary arrangements.

Foremost in Van Wyck's preliminaries was the engagement of a couple of girls,—artists' models,—to occupy the Grecian gowns aforesaid, and to behave as two Greek maidens might do under the groves of some glen at the foot of Mount Olympus.

WAITING FOR THE RESCUE

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THE PATH TO THE SHORE

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The party assembled at the appointed hour and bestowed themselves in Reggie's surrey, which was already so full of costumes, cameras, etc., as to leave little room for the operators in this classical expedition, and the four experimenters finally started on their way to Pelham Bay Park, on the shore of Long Island Sound, where picturesqueness and freedom from interruption could be found.

Arriving there soon after noon, they put away the horses, loaded their arms with cameras and costumes, and wended their way toward the shore. Here stood a small cottage. It was unoccupied, to be sure, but there was a porch, and the hanging up of a few horse-blankets soon turned one corner into a dressing-room, within which the girls disappeared, speedily to emerge as Greek maidens

"WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH"

apparelled in flowing white robes. They tripped barefooted across the grass and glided in and out among the thickets, calling up pictures of the golden days when Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus, and Pan made his goat-footed people merry among the groves and vineyards of Hellas.

"Oh, Mr. Lasalle!" called one, peeping through a curtain of Virginia creepers so thick that only her laughing eyes were visible, "See what I have found!"

"No matter what you've found," Lasalle shouted back. "Don't move."

And the enthusiast danced around to get his camera in place as though he thought this impromptu pose would vanish by some magic. But it stayed until the shutter snapped, and then the laughing eyes disappeared,—what they "had found" was wholly forgotten!

But Reggie was too much in earnest about his work to spend much time in playing. These young Greeks must prove their mettle, and he led the party off down the shady path to the shore, the girls walking very demurely, hand in hand, where there was a chaos of great rounded rocks among which the tides crept, and over which the spray had been leaping in every gale for unnumbered years.

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A PAIR OF LAUGHING EYES

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MOMENTS OF IDLENESS

These rocks were of the old primeval crystalline foundation of things about New York, composed of layers of black, gray, white, and reddish crystals and flakes, most curiously twisted and interwoven; and it was Van Wyck's idea that the soft white garments and rounded figures of the girls would find in them a most excellent background and foil to effective poses.

So he bade them climb the rocks while he brought the camera into readiness to shape them and their surroundings into picturesque adjustment. He was rather long in getting all his machinery where he wanted it, and the two girls, lulled by the lapping of the waves among the kelp, stretched themselves comfortably on

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A SECRET OF THE WOODS

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the warm boulder, one half-asleep, the other poised on an elbow idly watching the men fussing with the camera, quite content to wait, and unconscious of the pretty picture they had innocently formed where they rested.

Finally the apparatus was ready, and then the work began. The results appear in the accompanying illustrations and are not hard to interpret, so that perhaps it would border on an impertinence to offer to explain the living pictures which these young people composed upon these grand rocks and among these fine groves by the sea, and fixed upon their plates for our delectation. If there be merit and material for enjoyment in them, it is largely due to seizing upon lucky com-

LAMENTING BY THE "SAD SEA-WAVES"

binations of attitude and surroundings,—pleasing accidents which perhaps only trained women as models, and trained eyes and hands at the camera, could bring about. The girls find a rock almost too tall for them, and Lasalle catches their effort, half made. They drop their hair and crouch on top of a big boulder to give it a sun-bath, and Reggie accuses them of lamenting by the sad sea-waves, and photographs their simulated sorrow. The only carefully studied "pose" of the day was that reproduced on the opening page of this article, where it is to be imagined that these are shipwrecked persons,—one nearly exhausted and with difficulty kept from sliding off the sharp rock, while the other gazes anxiously toward the approaching but still distant rescuers.

Taking it altogether Lasalle admitted, when the day was done, and they drove back to the city, that Reggie Van Wyck had taught him something new.

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Photo by Baker.

MISS DOROTHY ROSSMORE IN A CLINGING GOWN AND FETCHING POSE.

The man who arranged that pose is an artist. It is an effective bit of work, and the fact that the photograph was taken in Columbus, Ohio, doesn't lessen our admiration. Miss Rossmore certainly looks well satisfied with herself.

BEYOND THE PALE.

She—What a clever and unconventional looking man that dear Mr. Vellum is! He is a thorough Bohemian, is he not?

He—I should hardly call Vellum a Bohemian. He pays his board bills and his debts quite regularly.

SHE CAUSED THEM.

"What a pretty and refreshing looking girl that Kittie Young surely is! She's a regular sight for sore eyes."

"So one would think, to judge from the envious glances all the other girls are directing towards her."

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Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

MISS MARY VAN BUREN, A PRETTY GIRL WELL KNOWN TO THEATRE-GOERS.

Miss Van Buren holds her head in this manner because it is supposed to be aristocratic. It's becoming, at any rate.

THEY'RE AFTER HIM.

Green—I notice that the fame of the modern popular song comes from the man who sings it. Sometimes we hear of the composer, but hardly ever of the fellow who writes the words.

Teller—Good reason why. His time is mostly occupied in eluding the officers of the Board of Lunacy.

LIMITED.

Browns—All journalists, I'm glad to see, are not betrayers of secrets entrusted to their honor. A writer in the paper here mentions that he is not in a position to inform the public just what Senator Soanso thinks about the tariff.

Downs—That's right. The writer didn't know.

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Wife—You complain of my flirting with Mr. Marvin, but you did the same with that little Lightfoot girl.

Husband—That was for business reasons. I want her to persuade her father to vote for me for president at the next directors' meeting.

Wife—Same here. I asked Mr. Marvin to persuade his wife to vote for my rival for president of our woman's club, and when she knows that, she'll vote for me out of spite.

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From Pen and Ink Drawing by C. D. Gibson.

First Wife—My husband says there are no less than one hundred and fifty-three words in the English language that expresses the word Money.

Second Wife (practical)—But none of them as expressive as Money, are they now?

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MLLE. SIBLEY, A FAMOUS BEAUTY OF PARIS.

PLENTY OF BOTH.

Visiting Cleric—I see you have many high lights among the New York clergy.

Bleecker—Yes, and high livers, too.

ESTIMATES.

The Man Who is Out of a Job—It's a hard, hard world!

The Bunco Steerer—It's a soft, soft world!

AN INSINUATION.

"Have you heard that our chum Smithers has married?" asked an author.

"Yes; he wanted to double his circle of readers," replied the second.

"A LINE OF KIDS FOR THE SUMMER."

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MAUDE FEALY UNPOSING.

As "Juliet."

Thinking of "Him."

"Juliet" Again.

Sad and Lonely.

Very Yearning.

As "Ophelia."

Truly Rural.

As a Bride.

A PRETTY LITTLE POSEUR OF THE WEST.

(Illustrated with Photographs by Thorbeck, Denver.)

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Photo by Morrison.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER IN FOOTBALL REGALIA.

Miss Wallace, or Mrs. Hopper, or whatever may be correct, doesn't fit the sweater, as you can see with a third of one of your eyes. But it makes an effective picture, and that's all we care about.

Big Sister (shouting to Bobby)—Bobby! Ycu're wanted to do an errand.

Bobby (shouting back)—Tell mother I can't do it now. I'm busy.

Big Sister—It's not mother who wants you; it's father.

Bobby (hastily)—All right. Tell him I'm coming.

A LITTLE REMINDER.

After a fashionable wedding, the other day, the carriage of the happy pair, which was on its way to the railway station, was delayed by the narrow street being blocked by two loads of cradles and baby wagons to the great amusement of the spectators.

MISS ZELMA RAWLSTON,
In semi-feminine attire this time.

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Photo by Alfred Ellis, London.

MISS LETTY LIND, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH DANCER, AS A COLUMBINE.

Miss Lind has her picture taken pretty nearly every day in the week. This, we believe, was taken at 1:58 P. M. on Thursday.

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Photo by Elmer Chickering.

MISS MAUDE LILLIAN BERRY.

A young woman with a neck and pair of shoulders quite picturesque in their splendor. Miss Berry's fame has not disturbed Broadway to any great extent, but her picture is well worth careful scrutiny.

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Photo by Schloss.

MISS MABEL FENTON AND A GOOD-SIZED HAT.

Miss Fenton, of course, is the same lady who used to indulge in vocal gymnastics when she was a member of the vaudeville team of Ross and Fenton. She is Mrs. Ross, but that makes no difference in this case. It's the hat to which we really wish to call your attention. It's picturesque in length, breadth and thickness. Miss Fenton can tell you how much it cost. We can't.

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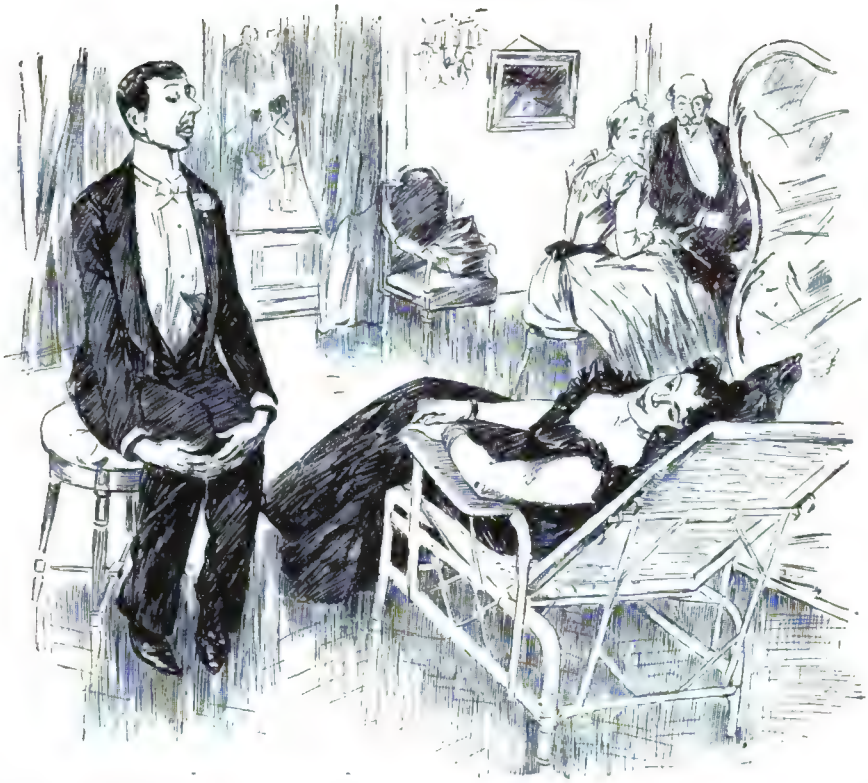

Her Father.—Just see how that young idiot bores Maude. He'll never amount to anything.
Her Mother—Hush, dear. He'll always amount to $50,000 a year. Don't forget that!

I.

He—Dear me, the gas hurts my eyes so! I think I'll turn it down.
She—Oh no!
He—Just a little, just a little!

DEFERRED.

"I have an inspiration," said the lungs to the arterial blood, "wait and listen."

"Not just now," said the other in reply; "I am not yet in the vein."

II.

"Just a little."

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Photo by Stebbing.

MELBA PINSON.

Photo by Stebbing.

MLLE. FASSIER.

A FOUR-IN-HAND OF BREEZY FRENCH GIRLS.

BY J. S. BRAYTON.

They are breezy. There's no question about that. Why, any Parisian will tell you that Melba Pinson, Jane Fassier, Clarice Ponjol and Marie Simier are enough to make any city picturesquely fervid.

Melba Pinson and Jane Fassier are cousins; at least, they call themselves such. They sprang into view about a year ago, when they came out on the stage of a Paris music hall in costumes quite the most daring and startling that had been seen in the French capital for many a day. Paris gasped. And when Paris gasps something unusual has happened. The younger and prettier of the cousins, Mlle. Fassier, soon appeared on the boulevards, seated behind the smartest of turnouts, and again the gossips started their tongues a-wagging. The other cousin contented herself by making designs for costumes such as had never before been in Paris. The two cousins continued to appear nightly, and when I saw them I was not particularly struck by their cleverness, although they were unquestionably lovely to a degree. They made a half-dozen changes of costume during the evening and each one was more bizarre and candid than the other. One day Paris woke up and read in the papers that the music hall singers who had been taking the town by the ears were the daughters of very wealthy Provincials, who had been hunting for their children for months, never, of course, thinking of looking

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for them in the music halls of Paris. The girls, however, liked their life so well that they decided to stick to it, and now they are part and parcel of the gay life of Paris. And very gay it is, too.

Clarice Ponjol is unconventional, to say the least. Last Fall she made a contract to appear at a Paris theatre in a dance she had invented. The contract called for her appearance for a number of months. At the end of a week she went to Vienna without notice and the manager mourned her departure. About six months later she returned to Paris and insisted on her right to finish out her engagement on the old terms. The manager didn't see it that way, however, and finally turned around and sued her for breaking the original contract. The case is now on, and is attracting much attention.

Marie Simier is decidedly nice to look upon. So thought a young German officer, who was away on leave, and who heard her sing one night. He wrote her notes by the score and proceeded to spend his time in an endeavor to win her good graces. She at last invited him to meet her after the performance one night. When he made his appearance at the stage door he was greeted effusively by a dapper Frenchman, who said that Mme. Simier had instructed him to be courteous to the officer until she came from her dressing room. When the singer finally arrived, she introduced the dapper Frenchman as her husband. The officer, getting angry, struck the other man, and in return was pounced upon by Mme. Simier, who administered such a scratching and mauling that he was laid up in a hospital, and, the news of the fracas reaching Germany, he was finally deprived of his commission.

Photo by Stebbing.

CLARICE PONJOL.

Photo by Stebbing.

MARIE SIMIER.

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Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT TRYING TO LOOK VERY FIERCE AND SUCCEEDING VERY WELL.

Miss Davenport is really quite harmless, although we must admit that in this picture she has managed to assume an attitude that suggests a perturbed spirit. We can assure our readers, however, that the country is safe.

PUTTING A FINE POINT ON IT.

"What exceedingly fine print," remarked Penley, as he pointed to an open book on the table.

"It doesn't seem so to me," said Henley; "I should call that very bold type.

"Perhaps so," replied Penley; "but you don't quite understand me. I wrote that book."

AT NEWPORT.

Visiting Englishman—How is it that you Americans have become such a nation of pie-eaters?

American Girl (lightly)—Oh, maybe it's because we make so many mud pies on the beach when we're children.

Englishman (gravely)—Ah—um! Well, that is the kind one generally meets with in the restaurants.

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Photo by Baker.

MISS CHERIDAH SIMPSON ASKING FOR A BROILED LOBSTER.

We can't swear that Miss Simpson is overfond of lobster, but she might as well be asking for that as for anything else. She certainly is asking for something, or else she is deceiving the public. By the way; don't you rather admire Miss Simpson's fine shoulders?

ODOR ALL RIGHT.

Merchant—I want to find out what standing Mr. Fluvius has in business here. Is he in good odor among your business men?

Rate Clerk—I guess so. He runs a large perfume factory, you know.

DIGITAL.

"You're behind hand," impatiently remarked the fingers to the knuckles.

"Hold on, now," replied the latter, "you can't expect me to pick up as quickly as you do."

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THE LADY AND THE LETTER.

THE LADY WITH CORKSCREW HAIR.

ALMOST ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE.

ANGRY AT SOMEBODY ABOUT SOMETHING.

FOUR SPECIMENS OF THE LAST WORK DONE BY THE LATE AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

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Miss Green—Father, what is a conniption fit?

Mr. Green—It's what I'll get, my daughter, when you get through asking me for another spring gown.

The Girl—Stannser dashes off a good many jokes and poems, doesn't he?

The Man—Yes, he dashes them off, and damns them returned.

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BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

BY HOFFMAN AULIC.

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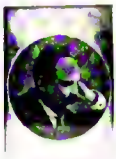
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1. Damrosch, Walter (Photo by Lee & Epler). Musician, the son of his father, and, what is unusual in men of artistic temperament, a good business man; can tell to a cent just how much there is in a dollar.

2. Stewart, Melville (Photo by Banner Gallery, Washington). Actor, with a normal head.

3. Wilstach, Frank J. (Photo by Pach). Press agent and litterateur, knows every dramatic editor in America, and can repeat Homer's 'Iliad' backwards.

4. Aarons, Alfred (Photo by Hall). Manager of Koster & Bial's, New York. Blonde and suave.

5. Fernandez, Mrs. E. L. (Photo by Schloss). The theatrical agent, of course. There is only one Feranandez and the initials are E L.

6. MacDowell, Melbourne (Photo by Baker, Columbus, O.) Actor and husband. Has supported Fanny Davenport so long that all roads lead to Sardou.

7. Walsh, Blanche (Photo by Morrison). Leading lady and one of our best ex-Trilbies. Has been playing for some time at the Columbus Theatre, New York.

8. D'Arville, Camille (Photo by Dupont). Primadonna and amiable woman. If you don't believe it, ask the chorus girls in her company.

9. Bradford, Charles Barker (Photo by Dinturff & Co., Syracuse). Journalist, press agent and sportsman. Now constitutes the Bureau of Publicity for the Herald Square Theatre. Would rather fish on Staten Island than own a yacht.

10. Falk, B. J. (Photo by himself). New York's famous photographer. Every professional in this country and many in Europe know his establishment on W. Twenty-fourth St.

11. Clarke, Nellie (Photo by Vale). Florist extraordinary to Upper Broadway. Her bower of roses near the Casino is much frequented by professional people. Miss Smith is remarkably demure for Broadway.

12. Ritzman, C. L. (Photo by Mora). Carries the largest stock of photographs in New York. His window is one of Broadway's show places.

13. Simpson, Cheridah (Photo by Baker). Actress, and a singer into the bargain. Was heard for a number of months in "The Girl From Paris."

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14. Aronson, Rudolf (Photo by Falk). Manager of Bijou Theatre and ex-Cock of the Casino roost. Composer, too.

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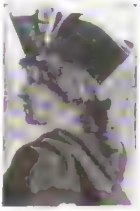
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15. Pitt, Fanny Addison (Photo by Baker). One of America's most sterling actresses. A member of the old school. She doesn't smile with approval on some of the new conditions of things.

16. Russell, Lillian (Photo by Pach). The peerless. It still fits her, although she has been in the glare of the calcium long enough to be near-sighted.

17. Blair, Eugenie (Photo by Baker). Actress, and a good one.

18. Hepner, William (Photo by Fred Foss Co., Chicago). Wigmaker to the theatrical profession. Can make you blonde or brunette in two minutes. Louise Hepner is his wife.

19. Berg, Ellen (Photo by Chickering). Has been playing in "What Happened to Jones."

20. Atherton, Clara (Photo by Byarlay). Was beguiled by Mr. Alexander Comstock into appearing in "The Koreans." Poor thing!

21. Harned, Virginia (Photo by Chickering). Also Mrs. E. H. Sothern. Note the black speck on her fine cheek. That's sticking plaster and not a photographer's bad break.

22. Steindorff, Paul (Photo by Rose, Providence). Musical director and composer.

23. Fitch, Clyde (Photo by Sarony). Playwright and dilletanté. His latest play, "The Moth and the Flame," was one of the season's reigning successes.

24. Dorney, Richard (Photo by Sarony). Business manager at Daly's Theatre, New York, and for years Augustin Daly's right hand man.

25. Rice, Edward E. (Photo by Hall). America's greatest authority on the female form, divine and otherwise.

26. Le Moyne, W. J. (Photo by Rose). One of America's old time actors. Now with the Kelcey-Shannon Company. A fine old man of versatility.

27. Wilder, Marshall P. (Photo by Falk). Mimic and friend of the Prince of Wales.

28. Kelcey, Herbert (Photo by Rose.) Star at last, and apparently a successful one.

29. Train, Geo. Francis (Photo by Falk). Is back again in Madison Square with his boutonniere and peanuts, and is still enjoying himself at the Mills Hotel, No. 1.

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29. **Chickering, E.** (By himself). Knows West St., Boston, better than Broadway; but you couldn't lose him in the cable slot. One of New England's most famous photographers.

30. **Butler, Nellie** (Photo by Chickering). Looks well in tights. Member of Hoyt's forces.

30

31. **Rosenthal, J. J.** (Photo by Miner Litho. Co.) Manager, and a knowing one. Has had "What Happened to Jones" under his wing all season. Fertile in resources and a boomer.

32. **Fox, Della** (Photo by Pach). One-third of the "Three Star Alliance." Sprightly as of yore and hasn't yet given up hopes of making money as a star.

31

33. **Pastor, Antonio** (Photo by Sarony). "Tony" and nobody else. Is younger than ever and will star in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," next year.

34. **Ziegfeld, Jr., Florenz** (Photo by Marceau, San Francisco). Anna Held's manager. Sleeps with one eye open and never misses a trick.

32

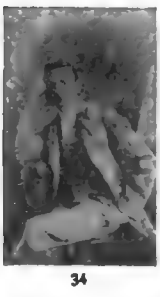
35. **Roger Bros.** (Photo by Chickering). Very Dutch comedians. Can twist the English language by the tail without the use of a net.

36. **De Novellis, A.** (Photo by Sarony) Musical director. Looks like a Continental statesman.

33

37. **Canby, Al.** (Photo by Prince). Director of Charles Frohman's musical enterprises. Formerly Francis Wilson's manager.

38. **Leland, Warren** (Photo by See & Epler). Proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, New York, and interested in various other hotel properties.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39. **Byron, Joseph** (Photo by himself). They call him "Flashlight Byron," because he takes flashlights of most of the big theatrical productions.

40. **Berry, Maud Lillian** (Photo by Chickering). Has been with "The Isle of Champagne" and is glad of it.

41. **Rascovar, Edward** (Photo by Anderson). Well-known young New York journalist on "The Times." Does dramatic work and does it well.

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42. **Fyles, Franklin** (Photo by Hargrave). Dramatic critic of the New York "Sun," and playwright as well; conservative and able.

43. **Goodfriend, S.** (Photo by Falk). Turns out some of the best press notices written. With the Kelcey-Shannon Company.

44 and 45. **Meyer Brothers** (Photo by Dupont). Paul and Louis. Keep the only French bookstore on Broadway. Great resort of visiting grand opera artists.

46. **Witmark, Julius** (Photo by Strauss). Singer. Young and popular.

47. **Mann, "Nat"** (Photo by Gilbert Studio). Song writer. Louis is his brother. Has a long record of smashing successes.

48. **Breslin, J. H.** (Photo by Falk). Proprietor of the Gilsey House, and one of Broadway's most popular men.

49. **Woodbury, J. H.** (Photo by Rockwood). Has made a fortune in advertising the right thing in the right way.

50. **Hills, W. E.** (Photo by Dana). Lawyer, with a Broadway clientele. Never misses a first night.

51. **Alexander, Edward** (Photo by De Yonng). Newsdealer for the Metropole and a dozen other prominent hotels. Has made fine progress because he attends to business.

52. **Garnett, Ursula** (Photo by Kuebler). Sings because she likes it. Acts, too.

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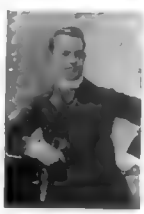
53. **Stanhope-Wheatcroft, Adeline** (Photo by Falk). Head of the Empire School of Acting. A very capable actress.

54. **Davies, Acton** (Photo by Pinsonneault, Quebec). Dramatic editor of New York "Evening Sun." Very young, very blonde and very bright.

55. **Hirsh, Max** (Photo by Dupont). Treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera House. Looks like the handsome villain of a society drama.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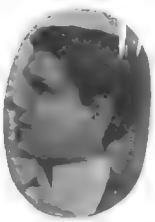
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Photo by Glines, Boston.

MISS CLARISSE AGNEW, AS A SOLDIER OF THE FRONT ROW.

Miss Agnew knows all about face-powder, but the ethics of war are not quite in her line. It's apparent, however, that she knows how to wear soldier clothes.

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Photo by Chickering.

MISS ADA MAYALL, RECEIVING A SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW FROM HERSELF.

At least, it looks that way. If we're wrong, we apologize to Miss Mayall and will endeavor to get satisfaction from Mr. Chickering.

She (near the end of the honeymoon)—You don't love me as much as you used to!

He (laconically)—More.

She—But last week you said you couldn't love me more than you did then. Deceiver! Traitor! I'm going home to mother!

PRIDE.

Conductor—Did you see that man with the child?

Driver—No.

Conductor—He's the proudest father I ever met. Insisted on paying full fare for the six-months-old boy.

NOT GUILTY.

Mrs. Isaacstein (engaging servant)—I hope you haven't a young man?

Bridget—Oh, no, mum, he's nearly fifty!

MLLE. PERREUX, FROM PARIS.

She is not a beauty, but they say she can sing *risque* songs until the cows come home in a blue haze.

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SNAPSHOT OF SCENE ON FIFTH AVENUE DURING A MAY AFTERNOON.

This is a typical New York street scene. On fine days—especially on Sunday—Fifth Avenue presents the appearance of being an exceedingly lively business street, rather than the thoroughfare generally supposed to be given over to the residences of the rich. This picture was taken near the Windsor Hotel, which can be seen to the right.

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Copyright, 1898, by Dupont.

MISS BELLE HARPER, ONE OF AMERICA'S BLONDE BEAUTIES OF THE STAGE.

There's no question about it. She's a beauty, and heaven help the man, young or old, who falls under the spell of those glorious eyes.

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Photo by Glines.

"Sa-ay, I'll knock de golls downtown silly when I flashes dese togs. Ain't dey boids?"

Photo by Glines.

"I ain't no perfessional scrapper, but I kin take care of meself seven days in de week, see?"

CHUCK CONNORS, PERFECT GENT.

There is no doubt about it. Mr. Chuck Connors, actor, of Pell street and the world, is a perfect gent. He has said so, and he certainly must be given credit for knowing something about himself. Mr. Connors, you should know, is the unconventional clubman of the Bowery, who has gained the reputation in New York of being about the toughest proposition to be found anywhere outside the aristocratic precinct of Mulberry Bend.

But you must learn how it was that Mr. Connors came to refer to himself as a person of Chesterfieldian training. During a ball last Winter, at which Mr. Connors officiated in a claw-hammer coat, red tie and russet shoes, there arose a little altercation, during which Mr. Connors found it necessary to gently but firmly eject a somewhat boisterous lady from his immediate vicinity. "Sa-ay," said Mr. Connors to some of his club friends who awaited his return, "dat blonde made me hot under de collar, but I wouldn't hit no lady. I'm a perfect gent, I am."

And there's your authority for the heading of this touching tribute to Mr. Connors.

Before closing, I would like to mention one strange thing about Mr. Connors. He doesn't like work. The hardest labor he has ever done was to smoke a strong cigar. At present he calls himself an actor; at any rate, he makes money out of the stage, and that's better than starving on Shakespeare. G. B. A.

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Fair Sculptress (to model)—Can't you throw a little more grace into your pose?

Model (who has been kept standing for five consecutive hours)—If you give me a chance to eat something, I'll throw you a beautiful grace before and after meals!

SYMPATHY WASTED.

She (sympathizingly)—I feel so sorry for the poor car conductors. It must be terrible for them to have to be on their feet all day long.

He—Humph! They are not. They're on the passengers' feet more than half the time.

She—But do you think it's perfectly proper for me to go for a row with you on a moonlight night alone?

He—Certainly, if you keep in the middle and sit still.

She—Isn't your step a little too fast?

He—I guess so. I always dance to beat the band!

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TALES OF BROADWAY.

NO. III.—JACK PERRY, ARTIST.

BY GORDON PALMER.

Jack Perry was an artist—not a very good one, to be sure, but he had a studio and was poorer than the devil.

One day Celeste came to him. She had long hair, glorious eyes and the fine air of a grand dame.

"Sit for me, mademoiselle," said Jack, "and I'll paint a great picture. I'll sell it and give you half," and he tried to forget that he hadn't eaten that day.

Celeste laughed.

"You Americaine artists are so poor," she said. "I cannot pose if you cannot pay me big price." Celeste knew her value as a model.

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well, mademoiselle," he said. "Good day." Then a sudden impulse told him to say, "It is just as well, any way. I'm afraid I couldn't do you justice on an empty stomach."

Celeste started.

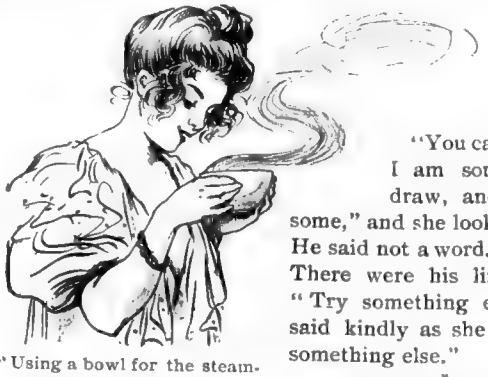
"Do you mean you are hungry?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, quite simply, "very hungry. Good day, mademoiselle."

"She had fine hair."

"Mon Dieu!"—and she went over to him and placed her small hand on his shoulder. "Hungry! Oh, monsieur le artist, this is awful, and you are so handsome—so very, very handsome. But wait. I will return in a few moments. Wait." And she was off before he could stop her. She was back again in a very few moments laden with packages of edibles from a neighboring delicatessen store. And then they ate the good things and drank of the coffee. This she made on a little spirit lamp, using a bowl for the steaming coffee, which Celeste cooled for him.

When the Lucullian feast was over she removed the things, went behind a screen, put on an evening waist and was ready for business.



"Using a bowl for the steaming coffee, which Celeste cooled for him."

"Monsieur Jack," she said, gayly, "you shall paint me. I shall pose. Do your best. I am ready," and she sat back in a chair and looked like a Gallic Lady Vere de Vere.

In twenty minutes she went over to his easel and looked at his lines. She returned to her position without making a comment. In fifteen minutes more she looked again. A doubting look came into her eyes, but she said nothing. Again in ten minutes she scrutinized his canvas. This time she shook her head.

"You cannot draw, monsieur. I am sorry, but you cannot draw, and you are so handsome," and she looked at him pityingly. He said not a word. He had no defense. There were his lines, and she knew. "Try something else, monsieur," she said kindly as she went away. "Try something else."

* * *

"Monsieur—Monsieur Jack, I did not

"Looking like a Gallic Lady Vere de Vere."

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Photo by Place, Chicago.

MISS OLLIE LOWE, A YOUNG AND PRETTY KANSAS CITY SOCIETY GIRL WHO HAS GONE ON THE STAGE.

Miss Lowe was in Odell Williams' Company playing "The Alderman" last season, and made a distinct hit in the piece.

---

mean to wound you. I have returned to ask your pardon. Why don't you answer?" and Celeste pushed her way into the dimly lighted studio. "You are angry with me, Monsieur Jack. Why do you not answer?" she asked, as she crossed over to the form in the dusk.

She touched his hand and started back Then she picked up a small phial from the table.

Then, with white face and a clutching at the heart, she passed out forever.

Jack Perry had tried something else.

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Photo by Chickering, Boston.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, ACTRESS AND BEAUTY.

Miss Cushman is acknowledged to be one of the handsomest women of the American stage. She also has youth in her favor.

SPOTTED.

"As you say my daughter is willing to marry you, I must tell you a secret. There is madness in our family."

"Indeed! You alarm me! What is your daughter's mania?"

"Her mania, sir, consists in her willingness to marry you!"

ATHER TOO STRONG.

Jones—Young Newhub tells me his wife is a regular devil.

Green—Wha-at?

Jones—Well, he says she's an ice cream fiend.

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Photo by Chickering.

WE WISH WE COULD TELL YOU HER NAME.

We don't know it ourselves, but any woman who can fill out a pair of tights as completely and effectively as she does, is worth a page in any magazine.

A QUERY.

Willie—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?

Papa—Yes, my boy.

Willie—Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?

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Photo by Chickering.

MISS KATE DALE, A STUNNING WOMAN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Miss Dale is one of those women who seem easily to carry the reputation of being statuesque.

She has not been on the stage many years, but has contrived, nevertheless, to make herself pretty well known.

Miss Dale will, it is said, go into vaudeville permanently, appearing in a sketch written by John Fowler and Charles J. Wilson, who also are responsible for "The Laundry Girl," a musical comedy which will probably be seen in New York next season.

Associated with Miss Dale will be a young comedian who has been playing a role in one of Hoyt's plays during the season just past.

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THEY CALL THEM THE TILLER TROUPE.

They're eight sprightly French maids who will probably visit New York next season. Look out for them.

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A COUPLE OF HARTS.

One is Joseph Hart.
The other is Carrie De Mar Hart.
The two make a couple.

Joseph Hart—I call him Joseph because everyone else calls him "Joe"—has managed to keep his name pretty prominently before the public, notwithstanding the separation of the once well-known firm of Hallen & Hart. Early last season he went out with "The Tarrytown Widow," but later concluded to eschew crepe and he went into vaudeville with his pretty wife.

MRS. HART AND A CHAIR.

MR. HART RADIATES GLADNESS.

However, I started to chat only about the Harts. Mrs. Hart, by the way, is a dainty little comedienne who rarely falls into the vaudeville habit of making much noise with little sense. She sings and dances, of course, but her playwright-husband gives her more excuse than was usually afforded the old-time vaudeviller who explained.

In his vaudeville sketch, Mr. Hart manages to figure as actor, librettist and composer. He has written his own songs for years, which has saved him from having aspiring and confident song writers say to his friends: "Joe sings the thing well, but of course, it's really my song that makes the hit." It always is the song. Of course, it wasn't Maggie Cline that made "Throw Him Down, McCluskey" one of the classics of our age. Neither was it Marie Tempest who made "The Nightingale" so popular. Not at all.

MR. HART TELLS US HOW IT WAS.

MRS. HART
AND HER INGENUOUS SMILE.

"While the blue bells are ringing I'll sing a couple of new songs."

B J.

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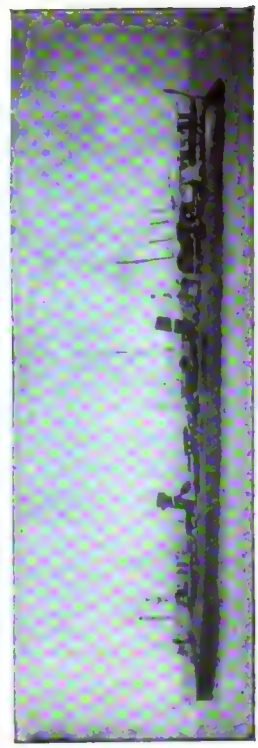
BRIGADIER-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, AS HE REALLY LOOKS TO-DAY.

He was one of the four citizens who received army commissions very recently from President McKinley, in reward for his services while Consul at Cuba. He will probably be dictator of the isle after its capture.

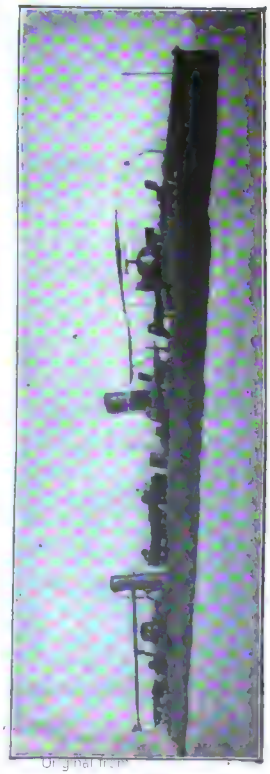


THE TORPEDO BOAT "FOOTE."

The torpedo boat hit the Spanish boat "The Pinzon," and disabled her and made all three retire. The "Foote" is a sister boat.

A SAILOR AT THE "CHICAGO'S" WHEEL.

Ready to steer her out and help wallop some of the boastful Spanish commanders.



THE TORPEDO BOAT "WINSLOW."

The "Winslow" is the plucky little craft that opened fire on three Spanish gunboats off Cardenas.

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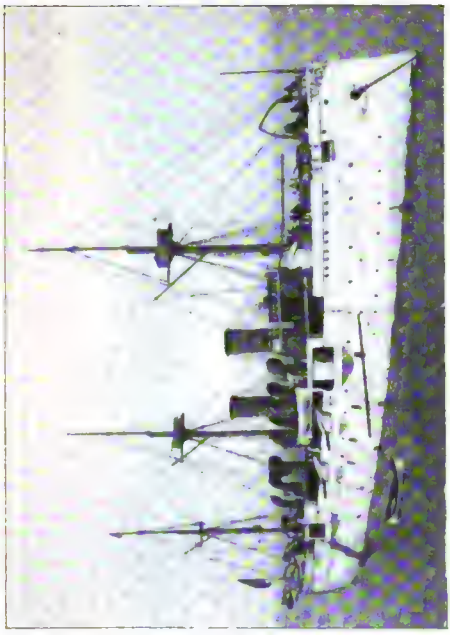
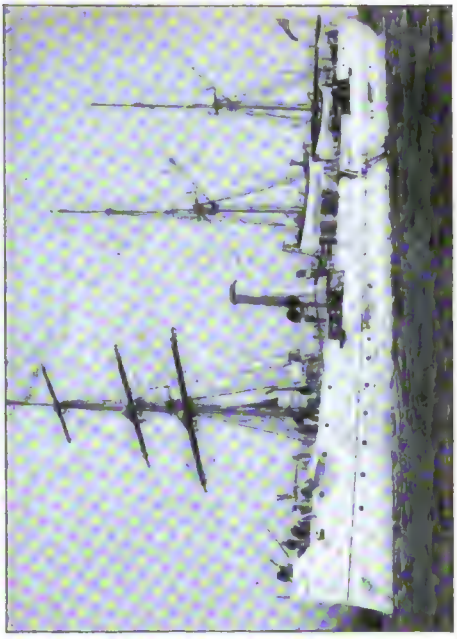


THE PROTECTED CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."



THE GUNBOAT "PETREL."

THE PROTECTED CRUISER "BALTIMORE."

THE PROTECTED CRUISER "CHARLESTON."

FOUR OF OUR NAVAL THOROUGHBREDS.

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ARTILLERY ON THE WAY TO CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

This is an excellent piece of photography. It shows a detachment of United States artillery coming up the hill Chickamaugawards. The effect, as the reader will perceive, is like that of a painting, which speaks well of the photographer's art.

CAPTAIN HENRY F. PICKING, COMMANDER OF THE "WABASH."

"CINCINNATI," U. S. N.

The "Cincinnati" is a protected cruiser of 3,213 tons displacement, commanded by Capt. C. M. Chester.

CAPTAIN A. S. BARKER, COMMANDER OF THE "OREGON."

"BENNINGTON," U. S. N.

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THE CREW OF THE "MARBLEHEAD."

CAPTAIN B. H. McCALLA ON HIS ROUNDS.

Two snapshots taken for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE of the steel vessel "Marblehead."

THE CRUISER "ATLANTA."

Now being remodelled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She should be ready for service about June 20th.

THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT MADRID.

This was the official dwelling of ex-Minister Stewart L. Woodford, before the war broke out. Many hostile demonstrations were made in the street against the American Minister, but the rabble did not go quite so far as to offer him personal violence, although they often threatened to do so. Spain is noted for its bombastic threats; that's one of the ways in which she fools even herself.

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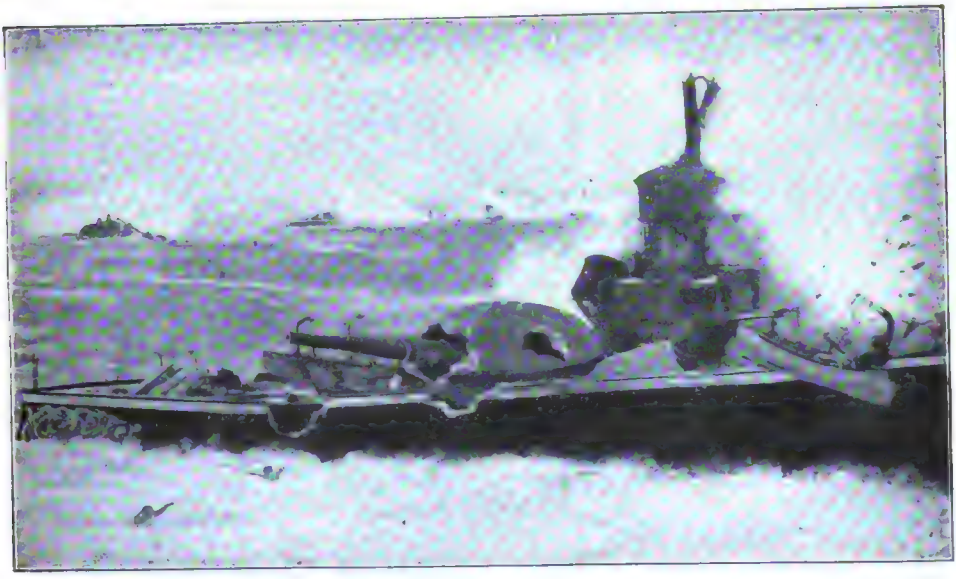
THE CRUISER "CHICAGO" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

This war vessel should be ready for service in about one week after the publication of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. Much criticism has been made on the long time taken to fit her out.



THE SPANISH ARMORED CRUISER "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" AFTER A BRUSH WITH UNCLE SAM.

She is one of Spain's "reliables." This is what she is expected to look like when our gunners have been peppering her for about twenty minutes.

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MARSHALL CAMPOS.

He was succeded as Governor-General of Cuba by the butcher Weyler. Weyler and Campos are the reverse of friends.

A BODY OF UNITED STATES ARTILLERY AT TAMPA.

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ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA OF TROOPS FROM ST. LOUIS.

IN FRONT OF COLONEL BURT'S HEADQUARTERS.

CHICKAMAUGA CAMP LIFE UNDER THE TREES.

TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY, U. S. A., AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

These snapshots of scenes at Chickamauga, one of the historical spots in the United States, replete with memories as it is of the great Civil War, give to the readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE an idea of how the Twenty-fifth Infantry, stationed there at this writing, look and carry themselves,

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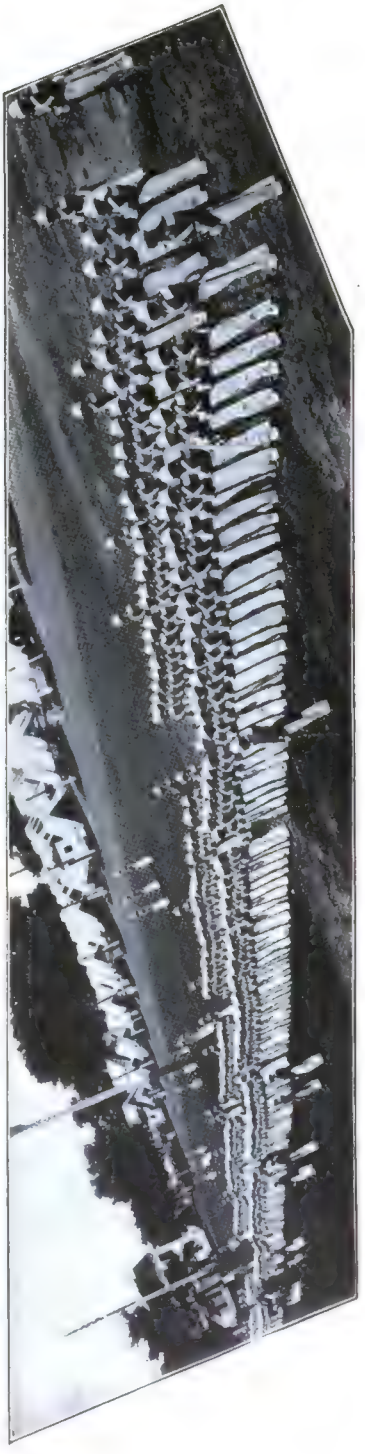
THE BOY KING OF SPAIN.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

HORATIO S. RUBENS,
COUNSEL TO THE CUBAN JUNTA.



THIS IS PART OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

They are not very popular just now, because they decided to stay home, but it is safe to say that they will be on hand when Uncle Sam needs more men.

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She—I do so admire the bass string of the guitar, don't you?
He—Not particularly, because that's what you've been giving me these last three months.
She—What?
He—A base string.

ENGAGEMENT RENEWED.

He—Now that our engagement is ended, I suppose we should return each other's letters?

She—I suppose so. And, George, while we are about it, why not return each other's kisses?

JUST THE SAME.

Groom—A ring round the moon is the sign of rain.

Bride—And a ring round a woman's finger is a sign of—

Groom—Reign.

Miss Oldgirl—I think war between nations is such a mediaeval way of settling disputes.

Miss Phlipp (sweetly)—Oh, dear, why didn't you tell the government that before? You're such an authority on mediaevalism, you know!

HIS HASTY REMARK.

Miss Summers—That was an awfully old joke your friend got off a little while ago. I can remember hearing it when I was a girl.

Mr. Winter—Oh, it can't be as old as that.

AN OLD RETAINER

"How are you getting along with your new girl?" asked the caller.

"Our new girl!" replied the hostess with some indignation in her voice; "why, she has been with us four days now."

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Copyright, 1898, by Falk.

MISS DOROTHY USNER TRYING TO STARE THE WORLD FULL IN THE EYES.

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The Girl—Sir, I spurn your offer of marriage.

The Man—Spurn away. There are plenty more fish in the sea.

The Girl—You'll find the other fish are not fond of lobsters.

HOW IT SEEMED TO HER.

Daisy—Oh, Dolly, I have had such a nasty, spiteful, anonymous letter!

Dolly—Whom was it from?

Daisy—I don't know; can you guess? The wicked creature says I am a vain, silly, frivolous, chattering, over-dressed, empty-headed flirt.

Dolly—I really can't imagine; but (reflecting) I think it must be some one who knows you quite well, dearest!

FOR A GOOD REASON.

Thespis – Did you hear of the curtain lecture our stage manager got last week?

Hamme — Nope. Didn't even know he was married.

Thespis — He ain't. He got it from Starre, whose best speech was spoiled by the accidental fall of the drop scene at the wrong moment.

Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

MISS DOROTHY USNER, AS JANE FORTUNE, IN "THE DAWN OF FREEDOM."

In this piece, which is based upon the struggles of the Cubans for liberty, Miss Usner played the role of a newspaper woman who has sallied forth to represent a daily paper. She represented it so well that the gallery refused to be silenced and insisted on being heard at various and vociferous intervals. The piece was first presented in Philadelphia by a stock company of which Miss Usner was a member. "Jane Fortune" was a directly breezy creation, and Miss Usner has shown that there is much versatility in her dramatic makeup.

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Photo by Chickering.

LOUISE WILLIS HEPNER, IN "THE BALLET GIRL."

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Photo by Falk.

MISS URSULA GURNETT IN A WHIRLWIND OF FLUFF.

Miss Gurnett isn't cold. That fuzzy looking wrap is for camera purposes only.

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Photo by Davis & Sanford.

MRS. CLARA BLOODGOOD, THE SEASON'S MOST NOTABLE SOCIETY RECRUIT TO THE STAGE.

Mrs. Bloodgood appeared in the initial production of "The Conquerors" at the Empire Theatre, New York. She is a striking woman well-known in New York society.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Chickering.

MISS MARGARET DALE,

Who, notwithstanding her youth, knows how many footlights there are in most of the theatres throughout the country.

TO BE LOOKED AFTER.

First Physician—Is this a case that demands a consultation?

Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.

He—What's in a name?

She—Much. The public calls me a coryphee, but the stage manager refers to me as one of the "six-pers."

THE PURSUIT OF THE SPRING HAT.

RELATIVE VALUES.

"Talking about dogs," said Jones, boastfully, "I had one once—a pure bred collie—that I wouldn't have taken $500 for.'

"How did you lose him?" inquired a listener.

"Why—a funny thing—he swallowed a ring with a stone worth $50, and I had to shoot him to recover it."

IN PARK ROW.

"What happened to you, old chap? Did you get a situation?"

"Oh, I've left journalism and gone into trade. I'm now in the furniture business."

"And have you sold any?"

"Yes—my own."

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Photo by Pach.

LOUISE THORNDYKE BOUCICAULT,

One of the legitimate to go over to vaudeville during the past season.

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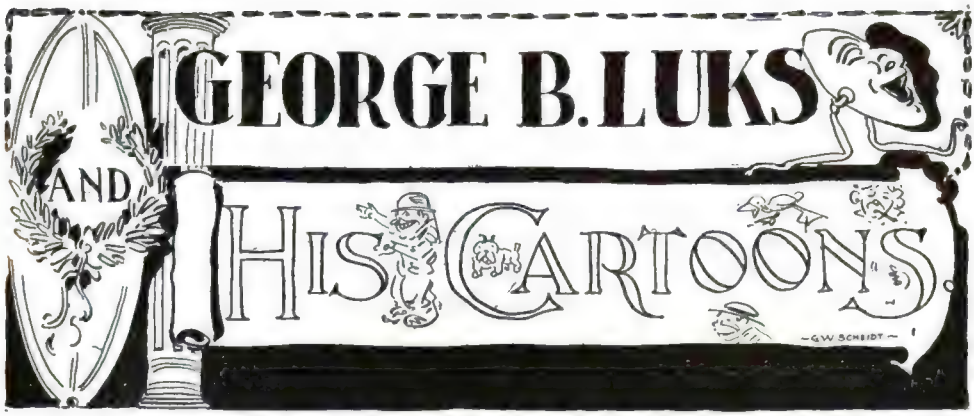

BY DAVID H. DODGE.

George Benjamin Luks, of the New York *World*, as a caricaturist, probably stands at the head of his class. The work that he does on his paper, while excellent in its way, is really not his forte. That is caricature, and in it he excels. Every line amuses. Each stroke of his pen, as he ridicules some personality, tells with force.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE this month gives some examples of his newspaper work. These examples contain a few of his caricaturist touches, and will show to what purpose he can draw.

His friend, G. W. Scheidt, another young and coming artist on the *World*, draws for us the head-piece for this article. On it are a few descriptive touches from Mr. Luks' pen, which are quite characteristic. His boys' faces and

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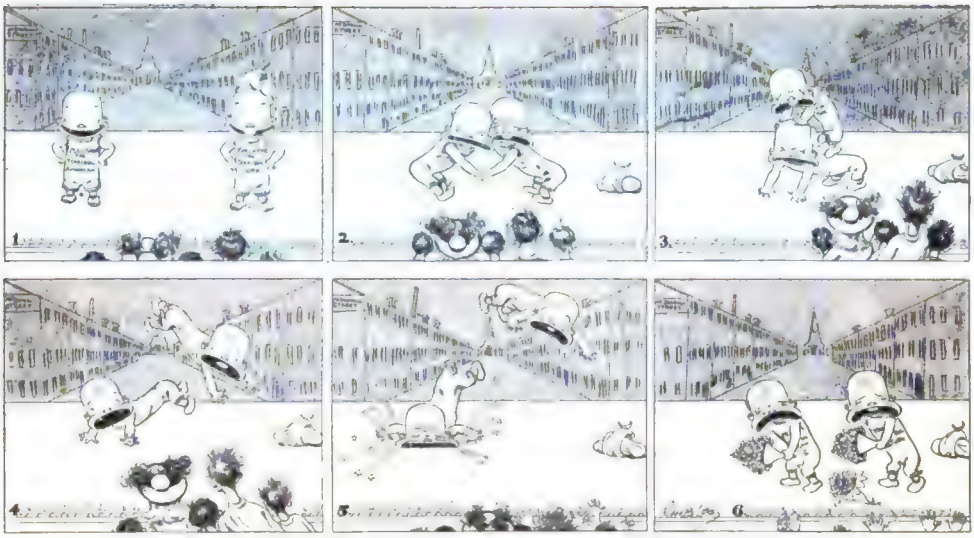

"YOUSOUF" AND "MESOUF" THE TERRIBLE WRESTLERS.—From the Sunday *World*.

his little dog are certainly funny, almost as funny as the artist himself, but that is another story.

Last year, when Mr. Luks was asked to give the *World* readers a substitute for the "Yellow Kid," he devised the idea of evolving two weird youngsters whose different adventures should be chronicles in the comic supplement of that paper. These he called "George" and "Alex." They caught on immediately, and every one of their appearances was hailed with delight by the children. Finally he turned them to account for timely and topical subjects, and as such he used them for a series of two wrestlers, called "Yousouf" and "Mesouf," reproduced on this page.

Luks has always been rather proud of his "kid" pictures, as he calls them, at one time making a specialty of them. His work in that direction is very good, as can be seen by the cartoon representing a truck full of provisions going to "Umboompaland" for the cannibals

PLENTY FOR UMBOOMPALAND, BUT STARVATION FOR OUR OWN POOR.
From the Sunday *World*.

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SOME OF LUKS' CARICATURES.

THE MUSICIAN, THE FLY PAPER, THE INSPIRATION AND THE TRIUMPH.
From the Sunday *World*.

MORE OF LUKS' CARICATURES.

there, while the city poor, whom we always have with us, have to go hungry. Each little figure in this cartoon is worth detailed attention, and each is characteristic of George B. Luks. Doubtless his original idea was to give a pathetic touch to this piece of work, but the

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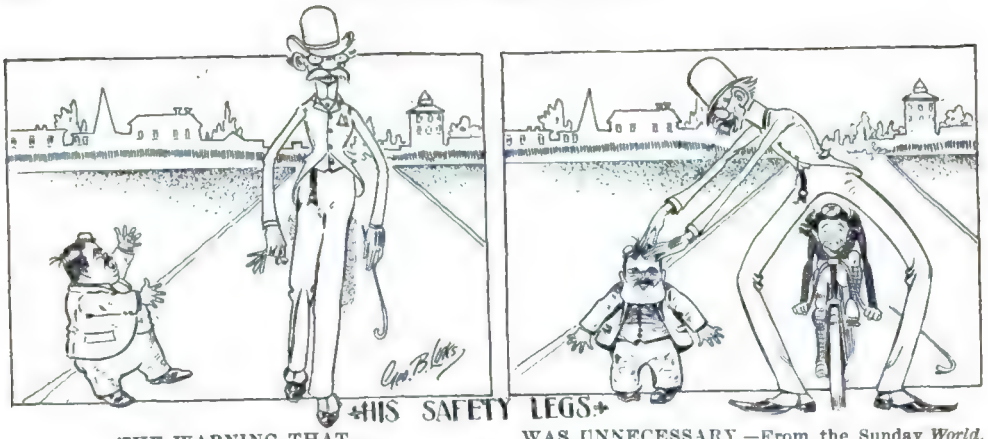

THE WARNING THAT— WAS UNNECESSARY.—From the Sunday *World*.

pathos is not exactly on the surface. Nevertheless, it is there all the same, and can be found rather in the moral than in the drawing.

The series of the musician who was at a loss for a theme, and found it on the fly paper, is very funny indeed. So are the margins containing the caricatures of different kinds of bicycle riders. These are excellent examples of the sort of art in which we have already stated that Mr. Luks excels.

The series of two pictures entitled "His Safety Legs," contain, besides the point of the joke, which is apparent enough, three striking portraits, concerning which, however, we will be dumb. The study in black and white on the same page explains itself. It was a sketch dashed off for Francis Powers, of "The First Born" fame, and though never intended for more than casual exhibition, is worth a few minutes' careful observation. The "Spanish War Bubbles" is a regular newspaper cartoon, and is of the kind that the artist draws for his salary. It is telling, and spontaneous.

A SKETCH IN THE REAL LUKSIAN VEIN.

George B. Luks comes from what is known as Pennsylvanian Dutch stock. He is a young fellow, not yet in the thirties, and he has a flow of spirits which is simply inexhaustible. I, myself made a careful computation one evening, of the time spent by him in improvising rhymes and songs, dancing, and in general "stunts." It was exactly five hours and forty-five minutes. At the end of that interval he was as fresh as if he had been enjoying a long sleep, and the wonder of all present was how he could possibly do it. His auditors were exhausted with laughter, but he was quite unruffled.

Luks was at one time with the insurgents in Cuba, and sent to the newspapers here several very striking pictures of scenes there. He also brought back a consignment of new stories, which we regret we have not sufficient space to recount here.

By all this, however, it must not be imagined that he confines himself to burlesque art. On the

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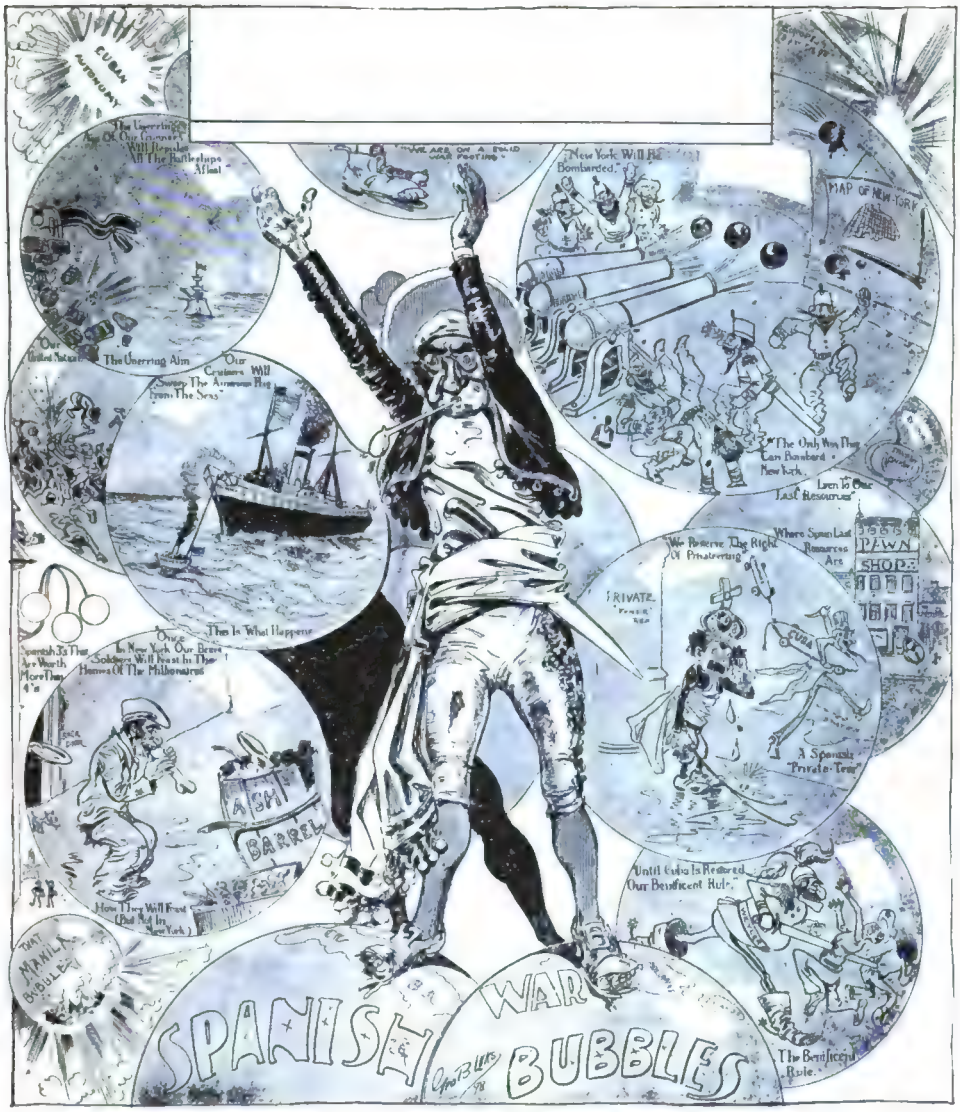
CUBAN AUTONOMY
"New York Will Be Bombarded."
MAP OF NEW YORK
The Only Way They Can Bombard New York
Even To Our Last Resources
PAWN SHOP
We Reserve The Right Of Privateering
Where Spain Last Resources Are
PRIVATE
CUBA
A Spanish "Private-Ten"
Our Unerring Aim
Our Cruisers Will Sweep The Armorous Rot From The Seas
This Is What Happens
In New York Our Brave Soldiers Will Feast In The Homes Of The Millionaires
Spanish Ja Thus Are Worth More Than 4's
ASH BARREL
How They Will Feast (But Not In New York)
Until Cuba Is Restored Our Beneficent Rule.
The Beneficent Rule.
THAT MANILA BUBBLE
SPANISH WAR BUBBLES

A SUNDAY *WORLD* CARTOON BY MR. LUKS.

contrary, his serious work, while it finds no place in the present article which is devoted to his cartoons and his caricature work, is strong and pervading. In all of it, it must be owned, there is a dash of something bizarre, and a touch of humor.

At all events, it is impossible for Mr. Luks to draw anything dull.

HER VOICED OPINION.

Ethel—They say that Blanche is to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather.
Florence—Why, everybody knows there is no such man.

SPECIFIC.

Bertha—What is the height of your ambition, dear?
Marie (blushing)—Oh, something between five and a half and six feet.

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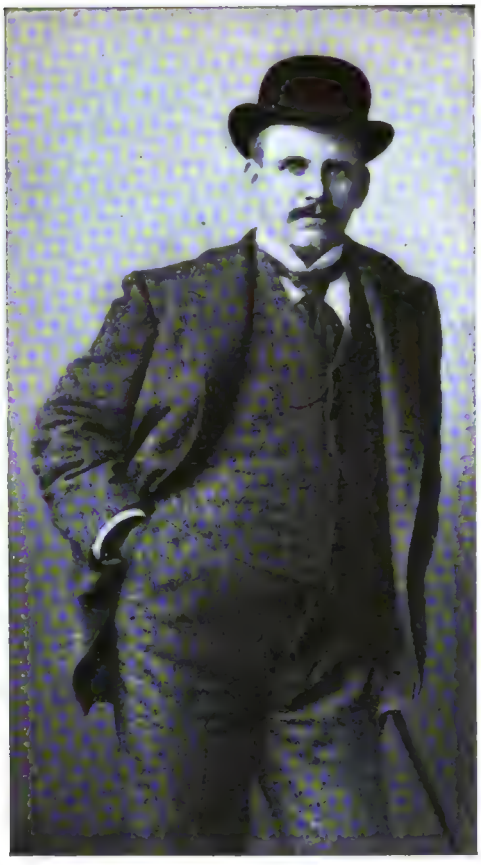

HARRY STEVENS, OF NEW YORK AND AMERICA.

Mr. Stevens is one of the picturesque figures of America's generally prosaic baseball world. For years he has had the privileges at the various big ball grounds throughout the country. He is a pretty good type of the successful business man, one of his latest ventures being in connection with the big new hotel at Midland Beach, the popular Eastern seashore resort. Prodigious energy and the precious knowledge of how to handle men have done more to make Harry Stevens a success than any mere element of luck.

"These professional spirit mediums are consistent as far as their appearance goes."

"In what way?"

"You always see them attired in wrappers."

A LONG WAIT.

"Grandpa, how old are you?"

"I am eighty-seven years old, my little dear."

"Then you were born eighty years before I was?"

"Yes, my little girl."

"What a long time you had alone waiting for me."

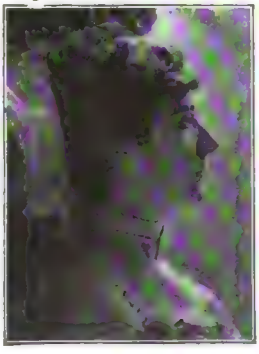

Photo by Falk.
MISS WALSH.

Photo by Schloss.
MISS BINGHAM.

Photo by Falk.
ALSO MISS WALSH.

Both of these actresses have been alternating as leading lady at the Columbus Theatre, New York, where a season of stock company performances was inaugurated some weeks ago.

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He—Confound it, I was going to play golf, but I forgot to bring me golf sticks with me!

She—Why, what are those sticking out of your bloomer legs, then?

AN INSINUATION.

Edith—He told me I was so interesting and so beautiful.

Julia—And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even at the commencement of his courtship!

RELIABLE.

Maud—Miriam is trying to keep her engagement a secret.

Martha—How do you know?

Maud—She told me so.

The Good Fairy Who Always Acts Upon the Square.

Photo by Dana.

MISS HELEN LLOYD.

Photo by Wilbur.

MISS LAURA DEAN.

Photo by Dana.

MISS MANTON.

THREE INTERESTING WOMEN BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

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Gill—Van Dinck thinks he's awfully smart, especially since someone told him he was a regular sleuth hound.

Jack (who doesn't like Van Dinck)—Yes, I knew he was some kind of a hound.

DIDN'T GO.

The crowd had gathered round the tramp who was counterfeiting convulsions on the sidewalk, and whose lips were generously anointed with soap suds.

Two policemen arrived on the scene.

"He's on'y t'rowin' fits," sneered the one.

"Ah, they ain't fits," said the other, as he gathered him up and moved towards the police station, "they'se misfits!"

THE BEST PART.

"Well, Johnnie, I hear you go to school now."

"Yes."

"What part of it do you like best?"

"Comin' home."

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,

Composer of "The Bride-Elect." He is also the librettist, though the least said about this the better.

Mr. Sousa can write marches, but——

She—The bathing girls of to-day form a sort of aristocracy of themselves.

He—Yes, and their coat of arms is a crested wave, rampant.

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Photo by Chickering, Boston.

THE WATCHMAN PATROL AT END OF ACT I.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

A GROUP OF DANCERS IN ACT II.

SNAPSHOTS FROM "THE BRIDE-ELECT," SOUSA'S LATEST OPERA, NOW RUNNING AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

"THE PRIMA DONNA WILL SING."

WILLIAM CRANE AND HIS LATEST COMEDY.

"His Honor, the Mayor," by Charles Henry Metzer and A. E. Lancaster, was first produced at the Empire Theatre, New York.

In this new production Mr. Crane has returned to his place as one of America's foremost farceurs. It is farcical work entirely, and does not give the actor a single opportunity to make a martyr of himself or to indulge in any of the heroics for which during the past few years he has shown an especial fondness.

Mr. Crane is ably seconded in "His Honor, the Mayor," by Miss Annie Irish, that very excellent player who seems to have taken a pretty firm hold on the affections of American theatre-goers. Her previous appearance had been with Mrs. Fiske, in "Tess," in which she did a splendid bit of stage portraiture.

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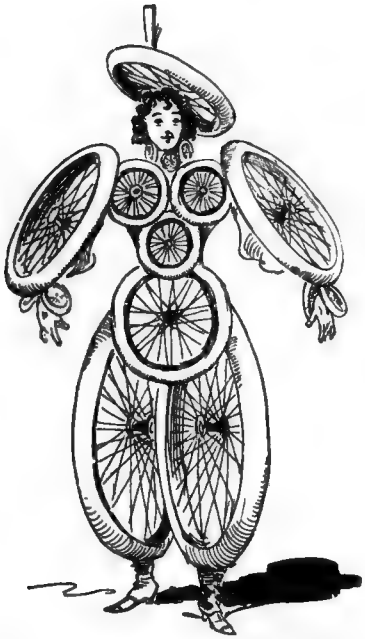

IMPRESSIONISTIC VIEW OF THE BICYCLE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

THEIR BONE OF CONTENTION.

Tyres—Have you named your boy yet?
Spokes—No, my wife and I can't agree. he wants to name him after her bicycle, and I want to name him after mine.

Hamlet Booth—Well, Barry, what news of the war?

Macbeth Barrett—The war? The war? You refer to the opposition to the Theatrical Syndicate?

MAKING HIM USEFUL.

This is what may be expected on the Boulevard in 1900.

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HIS VIEW.

"Mr. Briggs, I should like to ask you for a small raise in my wages. I have just been married," said the workman.

"Very sorry, my good man," said the employer. "but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to workmen outside the factory the company is not responsible."

OBVIOUS.

Uncle John (after a lesson trying to explain the whereabouts of China)—Now, Harry, if a man were to bore a hole down through the earth, where would he come out?

Harry—Out of the hole.

ONE RESULT.

"I wonder if it is really as dangerous as doctors say to dye the hair?"

"Certainly! only more so. I had an uncle who tried it, and he was married to a widow with six children in less than three months."

She—John, what does "*pas de deux*" mean?
He—Why, the father of twins, I suppose.

Chorus of Englishwomen (before the men come up, to the American guest)—You horrid thing, to have captured the hero of the evening! He was heard to say that he thought you couldn't be beat.

The American Girl—Then I'm sure he won't propose.
Chorus—Why?
The American Girl—Because no Englishman wants for his wife a woman who can't be beat.

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Copyright, 1897, by Schloss, New York.

PAULINE TRAIN AND MAE BRADLEY INDULGING IN LIGHT STAGE REPARTEE.

We suppose it's repartee, though we'll not vouch for the light part of it. Vaudevillers are more given to chit-chat of quality and weight like unto that of a wet sponge.

Miss Train has had the pleasure of starring with a famous devotee of art as a backer. She's a breezy sort of person.

Miss Bradley, an exceedingly pretty girl, was once with Rice. She can smile with enough sweetness to saccharine a whole pickle factory.

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Photo by Falk, N. Y.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS,

Who broke all records in "The Little Minister" at the Garrick Theatre during the past season.

Photo by Gardner & Co.

MISS MABEL WILZEN,

Who had the misfortune to appear in "The Koreans." This is the so-called comic opera which Mr. Alexander Comstock said would be the greatest production of the year. It ran six nights.

Old Lady—I'm afraid this story of your sudden bereavement by your wife's death a fortnight ago and your children's illness is not quite the truth.

Tramp (hurt)—Not true! Why, I've been in this unfortunate position for more than five years, and I've said the same thing hundreds of times, and you're the first as ever doubted my word before!

THE ADVANTAGES OF ABSENCE.

First Drummer—Had you any luck on your last journey?

Second Ditto—Great luck! The baby cut four teeth while I was away.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—What is the price of mutton?

Butcher—Sixteen cents, madam.

Young Housekeeper—And lamb?

Butcher—Twenty cents.

Young Housekeeper (surprised)—Is it possible? Why, a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton.

Just to Give You an Idea of Willie's Dream After the Fifth Green Apple.

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MISS ADA REHAN, AS PEGGY THRIFT, IN "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

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Photo by Ellis.

MISS ADA REHAN, AS ROSALIND, IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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Photo by Schloss.

MISS MABEL CLARKE,

Who would rather dance than be a prima donna.

This is the same Miss Clarke who tripped into the good graces of the town when "1492" first made its appearance on Broadway. Miss Clarke has been seen in a number of Rice productions since that time, and has always shown a disposition to wear out the stage with the tips of her toes.

She—Yes, let us stop for a little while. Dancing makes me dizzy.

He—And not dancing makes me dizzy, under the circumstances.

THE RESULT.

Mrs. Henry Peck—Bah! I only married you because I pitied you when nobody else thought anything about you.

Mr. Henry Peck (wearily)—Ah, well, my dear, everybody pities me now!

MORE LIKE IT.

The Chaperon—The idea of your allowing Mr. Tuesson to kiss you! Such proceedings are disgraceful, and going on under my very nose, too!

The Daughter—But I thought they went on under mine!

PLAIN TO ALL.

Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man.

Mrs. McDuff—An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him.

She wears big sleeves upon her charming arms,
Although that fashion long has been abated;
But this is why she hides her many charms,—
She's just—observe me blush—been vaccinated!

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ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY.

Careful Parent—Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank-book.

Careful Parent—(after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.

A PLACE TO PAUSE.

"I once," said the Colonel, solemnly, "I once, and once only, had all thirteen trumps dealt me."

"Er—I suppose you were the dealer?" suggested the candid friend.

"No, sir!" roared the Colonel; "no, sir, I was not the dealer!"

"Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?"

And a terrible silence ensued.

WAITING FOR "HIM"

(N. B.—We regret to spoil a romance, but "him" is the call-boy, who will tell her when her cue's ready.)

"The Light That Failed"
In the Parlor.

MISS PERCY HASWELL.

MISS ANNIE IRISH.

Photos by Falk.

TWO OF MR. CRANE'S PLAYERS.

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THE RIDICULOUS IN ART.

BY J. A. B.

It's all rot.

What does it mean?

Nothing.

But artists keep on drawing these freaks on paper, publishers keep on publishing them and people keep on admiring or scoffing, as the state of their digestion may dictate.

Of course, the ultra crowd will insist that this impressionism run rampant is artistic and mystic, and is the evidence of great genius, and all that sort of drivel.

As a matter of fact, when an artist finds he cannot draw pictures for sane folks, he turns his pen to impressionism, and soon we are called upon to stand aghast with admiration and wonderment at the sight of girls with square faces and hair like cable; houses with impossible roofs, and cows with faces like a full moon after a night's debauch.

No doubt if you are essentially aesthetic you will be able to find much that is grandly artistic in the accompanying pictures.

I call them rot.

And so do you if you're honest.

All of them are supposed to be symbols and all of them mean about as much as a swash of green paint against the side of a red barn.

But I suppose we must have the strange and the awful and the never-to-be-understood — fiddling idiots that we are. And we might just as well have it in our art as in our oatmeal, or bacon, or woolen underwear.

And now that I think of it, there isn't much danger of these impressionists changing the

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world to any great extent. We'll wag along just the same with or without them.

After reading over the few foregoing disjointed ideas you will probably make up your mind that they hardly constitute a scholarly art critique. Who said they did! You can't criticize art when you're given such pen idiocies to write about.

A TRANSMIGRATION OF OFFENSE.

Lawyer's Wife — And you are to defend that shoplifter?

The Lawyer—My dear, she isn't a shoplifter. She was, formerly; but she has saved so much money in the last ten years that she has become a kleptomaniac.

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Miss Madison—Muttanead over there strikes me as being somewhat of a fool.

Mr. Jones—A fool? Well, I should say so! If Muttanead were in Twentieth street, and wan ed to go to Twenty-first, he'd ask how many streets he'd have to walk.

EGGS.

"Hard feelings?" repeated the third-rate thespian, who had been bombarded from the gallery. "Not on your life, me boy! They weren't even soft-boiled. Just raw. And old."

And his sighs could have been heard from Schenectady to Troy.

AS IN THE NATIONAL GAME.

Friend—I suppose it isn't so much the subject of a picture that takes with the public as the way in which it is treated.

Artist—Exactly! It's all in the draw!

"Mary, I'm going out to see the butcher."

"All right, mum. I won't tell your husband."

"Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?"

"Yes! I counted up to 18,000."

"And then you fell asleep?"

"No; then it was time to get up."

Photo by Dana.

MISS MARY HAMPTON, OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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The old gentleman thinks he's the favorite one
Because he is kissing her hand;
He does not see her face,
And the facts in the case
It is clear he does not understand.

The younger chap's getting the best of the fun,
And the cinch most undoubtedly his is;
So it's easily seen
That when kissing Irene
He's posted real well about kisses!

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ACT II. MRS. FISKE, MISS GALLATIN, MR. CLARGES AND MRS. COWELL.

ACT III.—MRS. FISKE AND MR. DE BELLEVILLE.

MRS. FISKE IN "LOVE FINDS THE WAY."

(At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.)

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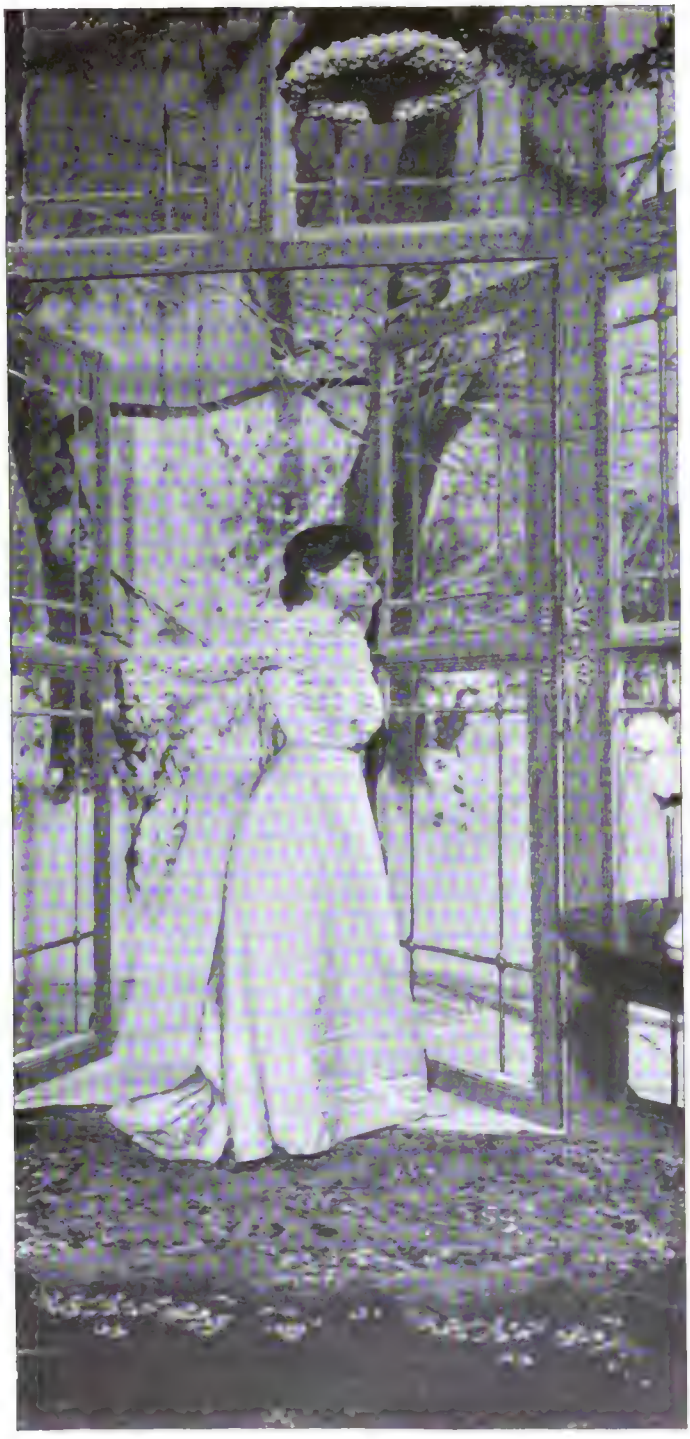

ACT III—MRS. FISKE IN ONE OF THE LAST AND MOST STIRRING SCENES IN THE PIECE.

MRS. FISKE IN "LOVE FINDS THE WAY."

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She is apparently quite angry and is ready to annihilate the poor man.

Ah, now she has him at her mercy. What will she do?

This is what she does. She looks scared. He looks pleased.

They seem to be changing their minds. They'll forgive each other in a minute.

Photos by Feinberg.

MRS. ALICE MORELAND AND HER COMPANION PLAYER IN "A GAME OF GOLF."

We don't quite know why Miss Moreland calls her sketch "A Game of Golf." She might just as well have called it "A Game of Pinochle." However, it's a harmless and rather clever affair and shows Miss Moreland's ability—she has plenty of it—to good advantage. There are moments during "A Game of Golf" when dull care wings it flight in dismay and good-nature takes its place. Miss Moreland will probably go back to the legitimate next season.

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Photo by Kuebler, Philadelphia.

MISS NELLA BERGEN CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The act consisted of looking at a given point while the camera man snapped his machine and took her picture. Miss Bergen then said good morning—or it might have been afternoon—and hurried home in time to get ready for the theatre. The whole affair was exciting in the extreme.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Exhorter—Beware! The demon rum is—

One of the Exhorted—Betcher life! Show me where it is, an' I'll be there.

VERY POINTED.

"What does a man mean when he shakes hands by simply holding out one finger?"

"I guess he means to give you a pointer—not to be too familiar."

POST MERIDIAN.

Eddie—Paw, what does a store mean when it says it closes pim?

Paw—Closes pim, child? What do you mean?

Eddie—Well, look. There's one of them signs now.

Paw looks and sees the legend:

WE CLOSE
P. 1 M.

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Photo by Morrison.

MISS EMMA LEVEY SINGING A SONG.

We say a song, because that's what singers usually sing. And Miss Levey is a singer and dancer, although she has been known to do other things. (We desire to have Miss Levey, by the way, know that we like her black stockings very much.)

SACRIFICE.

Husband—I have made all sort of sacrifices for you. Now, what did you ever give up for me?

Wife—What did I ever give up for you? Well, I never! Why, I gave up half-a-dozen of the nicest young men in town.

HER NEW STATUS.

Mrs. Mann (meeting her former servant)—Ah, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?

Mary—No, ma'am. I'm working for nothing now; I'm married.

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Photo by Morrison.

MISS FLORA HENGLER,

Who for a number of years has been known as one of the Hengler Sisters. She has grown up, however, and treats with contempt all references to her kindergarten past.

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Photo by Morrison.

MISS MAY HENGLER,

The Other Half of The Hengler Sisters.

She is quite as pretty and dashing as her sister, and also equally willing to forget her bib-and-tucker period.

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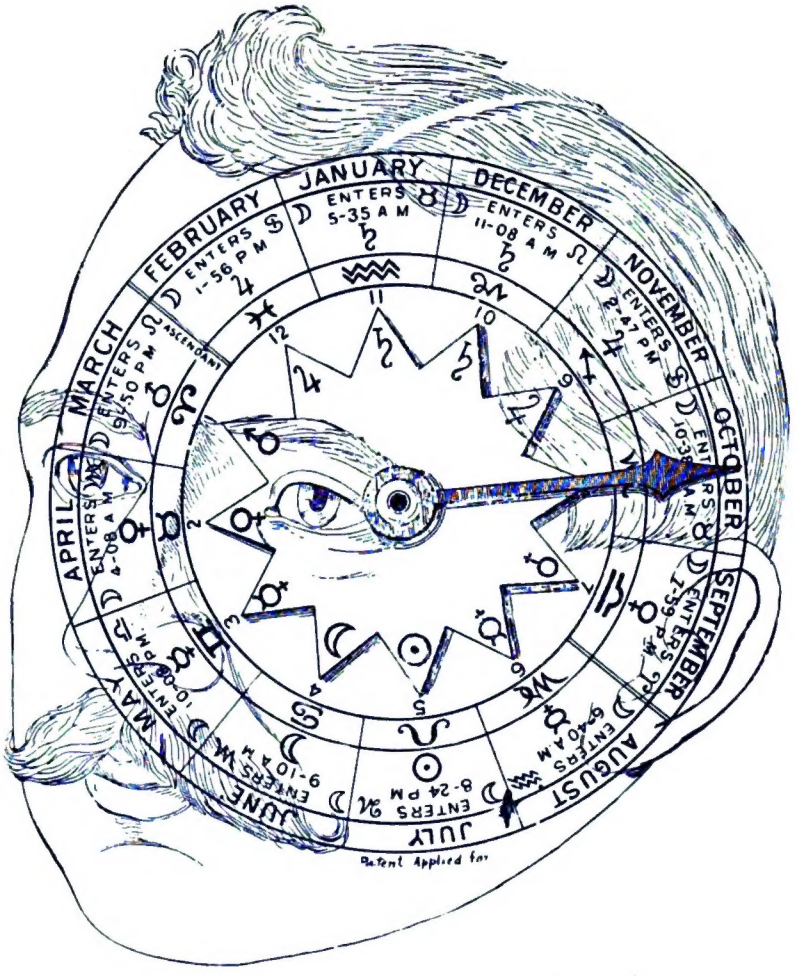

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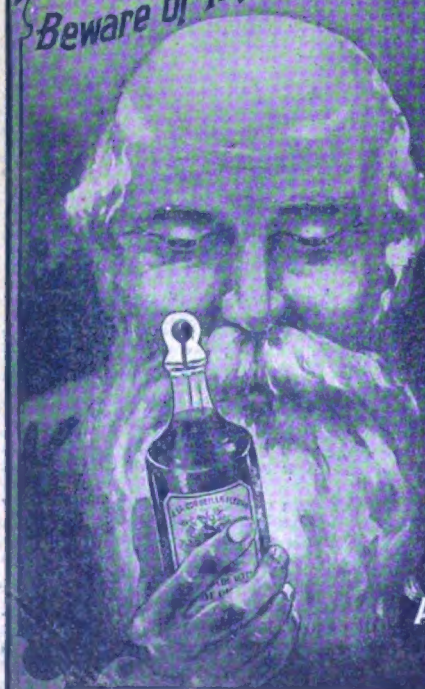

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